

## Of Interest to Lady Readers

### BE STILL.

Be still, my soul, be still!  
Thou art not yet without.  
All strife and sickness and doubt—  
Seek thou the steadfast will!

One home, one heaven, alone  
There is, one sacred resting-place,  
The everlasting rest and grace  
Of the unchanging One.

Here is the blessed home,  
Each pain to soothe, each wound to heal  
The untroubled spirit seal  
The everlasting calm.

To the one stormless clime  
My wayward feet still hourly bend,  
This brief unrest of earth to end,  
This fever dream of time.

Give rest, my God, within,  
Mid strife and sickness and doubt,  
The tumults and the vanities,  
The passion and the sin.

Speak Thou, and winds shall cease;  
The life-long storm is over,  
I rest upon the bosom of Thy peace,  
Where breathes the balm of peace.

### SOME WINTER FASHIONS.

Managers are now the fashion. But only when they are worn! The maner-elle is made up of a half dozen or more tiny silver or gold animals. They are fastened to a ring and are supposed to dangle with a merry jingle from a chain, sometimes made of gold.

No manager-elle is complete unless a pig is conspicuous among the animals. The other animals necessary are miniature elephants, cows, sheep, dogs, cats, bears, and even a small and curious looking little camel.

Russian stockings are the newest. Surely they are novel enough to be the vogue. The fact that they are double almost to the instep is their chief peculiarity. But then there are other odd features. These stockings are also two-toned and when correctly worn show a neat little silver roll just where the calf begins to lose its generous fullness. The foot, instep and the stocking proper will be, for example, in bronze brown. The outer stocking is then in any color which will contrast prettily with the turquoise blue, or yellow. After the stocking is put on in the ordinary way, then the outer stocking is carefully turned back and rolled up until it forms a silken band. The effect is that of a bronze stocking with a raised collar of turquoise blue, or whatever color the outside stocking may be interpreting it just above the heel.

These Russian stockings now cost \$2.50 a pair. They are worn with evening gowns and later will be smart hosiery to wear with skating costumes. The roll will then just come to the top of the high boot.

The vinaigrette most in demand just now is the one which is most antique in appearance. The dull gold or "Indian finish" is almost exclusively used for the top. Many of the vinaigrettes have precious stones, rubies, emeralds, and others look like a small, rough nugget. The bottles are much the shape of the famous "tear bottles," and vary through every cut of the glassmaker's art.

Some are made of onyx or porphyry and resemble a stick of sealing wax. The top is the one which is most antique in appearance. The dull gold or "Indian finish" is almost exclusively used for the top. Many of the vinaigrettes have precious stones, rubies, emeralds, and others look like a small, rough nugget. The bottles are much the shape of the famous "tear bottles," and vary through every cut of the glassmaker's art.

The Fifth Avenue girl is like the picture of a Klondike belle this season. She is fur almost from her head to her heels.

In the past the height of her ambition was to own a fur wrap. Now to this girl of fashion one fur wrap is as nothing. To be stylish she needs a varying collection of fur coats and capes, collarettes and boas, with fur hats and muffs to match.

The quietest and most beautiful fur garments made are bought by American women. Manufacturers the world over send their finest furs to this country. And the most extravagant seasons of the past cannot begin to cope with the craze for furs this winter.

Here are the reasons why: The fur garment has ceased to be clumsy and ungainly. It is fitted to the figure as snugly as a London tailor gown.

All the newest fashions of fashion are copied in fur, and the new method of dressing the skins brings out every bit of beauty and lustre that the fur is capable of showing.

New furs have been put upon the market in great quantities. Fur combinations have been introduced, and old furs are being dressed in a new fashion so that there is great variety of colors and textures to select from.

Sable and chinchilla are the two furs most in demand. For a woman who needs not consider the price, Russian sable is the fur of all others. The Russian is the most valuable. Hudson Bay sable ranks next in value to Russian sable and will be much worn this season, as well as Alaska sable, which is another name for skunk. The furs are made up in collarettes, neck scarves, pelisses and the new shaped capes, which curve up in front. They are also used in coats and suits and outer coats and muffs.

Mink is one of the most reliable furs, which will be much used this winter.

### MARY ANDERSON'S GIFT TO THE CHURCH.

Mary Anderson de Navarro, the famous beauty and former actress, has built a monastery near her old home at Louisville, Ky., and given it as an offering to the Catholic church.

The faithfulness of Mary Anderson while on the stage to her church is well known. She was as regular in her devotions as the strictest members of her church, despite the distractions of dramatic life.

The monastery which she has lately built is just across the Ohio river from Louisville, in Indiana, at New Albany. It stands upon a rich estate of 400 acres, all of which is given to the church.

The monastery building is a frame structure about 65 feet long, two and one-half stories high, facing east.

One the first floor to the right is a chapel, where the priests say mass every week day and sing mass and vespers on Sundays and holy days.

The altar is the same as in most Catholic churches, and the church is made in a large picture of St. Francis.

On the left side of the ground floor are the dining room and kitchen. On the second floor are the sleeping apartments and living rooms of the priests and brothers. Surrounding the building is a garden, and the fathers own several horses, cows and hundreds of chickens.

The Franciscan monks who have taken up their abode there live quietly. The "brothers," as they are called, till the soil and make the clearings in the forest.

They have about forty acres under cultivation and the rest of the land which is tillable is rented out on shares.

The brothers, besides doing the farm work, take care of the house, do the cooking, scrubbing and other work necessary in a household. Their wants are few and are easily supplied. This is a rugged country, and the farm is still for the most part covered with virgin forest and underbrush.

Mary Anderson's uncle, P. Anthony Miller, was a Franciscan priest. The monastery is a memorial to him. He was for some years rector of St. Peter's church in Louisville. He died in November, 1874, and is buried in St. Michael's cemetery, which is the usual burial place of German Catholics in that city.

It was the training which Mary Anderson received from this "golden oldie" in her girlhood days that had much to do with her future fidelity and affection for her church.

### UNGLOVED IN THEATRES.

Soon after Miss Florence Ives, who is a sister of Mrs. Henry Crocker, returned from her last trip to Europe, she unconsciously inaugurated a movement among ladies to remove their gloves while in the theatre, says the San Francisco Examiner. One evening, as a guest in a large theatre party, she laughingly said, in her usual burst of enthusiasm, "Take off your gloves, girls; that's the latest in Paris."

Off came the gloves at Miss Ives' suggestion. Then society eagerly took up the novel idea and in a short time all the theatres, our buds and belles never wear gloves. The custom is universal and an excellent one. When such ladies as Mrs. Sam Hurd, Mrs. Will Carroll, Miss Ives, Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and many others knew what it is to enjoy actual comfort during a play with no encased hands, it is no wonder the fad has turned out to be an immense success.

### MISS JOSEPHINE DREXEL.

Heiress to Million, It Is Said, Will Give Life to Church.

(Correspondence Intermountain Catholic.)

New York, Dec. 1.—Miss Josephine Drexel is to retire into a convent, her friends say. They speak of this regretfully, because the thought of a young woman's abandonment of fashionable society's festivities implies an idea of sacrifice, in their view.

To her that abandonment, made complete, would be a joy. She is the daughter of the late Joseph W. Drexel. Her income is \$80,000 a year. Her legacy is estimated at \$10,000,000. She is 19 years old, beautiful, learned, an accomplished musician. She plays the harp, the piano, the guitar. She studied harmony from excellent teachers.

She does not like fashionable society's vanities. She lives in the perpetual admiration of the stories of the Virgin Mary, the Golden Legend, the marvelous of the spouses of Jesus Christ, who were crowned of martyrdom. Rather than all the poems she prefers the dainty sermons in which the sons of St. Francis exalt poverty, candor and innocence. Her religious devotion is intense. Two years ago, when her mother gave at Delmonico's a sumptuous ball in her honor, and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel transformed for her, Horticultural hall, Philadelphia, into a fairy palace, hopes were expressed that she might conciliate her pious by the manners of the world. But they were vain hopes.

She has no ambition to be a drawing room sovereign. Three hundred and fifty persons were at the ball at Delmonico's. She wore a pale green moire velvet gown, trimmed with ermine, face and pink roses. Her sister, Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren, in light blue satin, embroidered with silver, took great pains to make her enjoy the conversation of the cleverest young men. She was charmingly affable, but she was not charmed.

In Philadelphia's Horticultural hall, where the favors of the cotton were gold-handled, riding whips, jeweled purses, muffs and boxes of cosmetics and the decorations roses, azaleas, lilacs, and the like, in profusion, the zeal of every one to make her love life in meridian was evident.

Miss Drexel has not often accepted invitations to receptions here. She has evaded the necessity of declining them, by visits abroad to her eldest sister. She has, when fashion was at its height in the city or at the seashore, always preferred to be in the company of her aunt, who is, in religion, Mother Catherine. In the latter's convent Miss Drexel finds her happiness.

She was educated as a Roman Catholic. Her father was a communicant of the Church of the Transfiguration in East Twenty-ninth street. Her mother was converted from the Protestant Episcopal church into the Roman Catholic at the time of her marriage to Mr. Drexel. He was the son of the founder of the banking house that became famous as Drexel, Morgan & Co., and later as Drexel, Morgan & Co.

Miss Josephine Drexel's two sisters are Roman Catholics. They are married to sons of the late Admiral Dahlgren. They are, like her, well acquainted with the poetic legends of their faith, and tell them enchantingly. Miss Drexel has the most charming manner imaginable of reciting to children the tales of the Thebaid and the achievements of heroes like Joan of Arc.

Miss Drexel modernizes the phrases that are retained of Joan. They are pearls and jewels of the purest French language. She modernizes them for the children's sake. She says "Gold words on young lips are old." She has the temperament of the gentlest religious teachers.

### HE KNEW ADA REHAN.

It was one of the most dismal of rainy nights. Had a water tank burst in the sky it could not have poured harder. A working man hailed a trolley car in Brooklyn where one of the dark streets leading from the Atlantic dock crosses Van Ness.

In the car sat a dignified woman with classic and mellow features. She wore a color-ful dress and carried a light-colored umbrella. Beside her was a light-haired man whom every dripping policeman, fireman and soldier who passed by entered the car addressed as "Arthur."

"Do I know that lady?" he asked. "I do," she said. "Ada Rehan," said the conductor. "Ada Rehan," said the right conductor. "Do I know that lady?" he asked. "I do," she said. "Ada Rehan," said the conductor.

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middle life he had become more serene. He talked less of his difficulties, and his face, that honest index of character, had grown placid. What is the secret? I asked. How do you carry such a serene countenance amid all your distractions? He hesitated, then answered, slowly: "I believe I will tell you, though I have never spoken of it to anyone, for such things are not easily talked about. I used to wake very early, just before the daylight. You know how heavily business presses upon one's spirit then. The care for the day's ordering, the disappointment of the day before, or the loneliness of never seeing the loved one, all came at that darkest hour just before dawn. It used to be a resolute struggle for another hour's sleep, or a desperate attempt to forget the business of the morning when under the shadow of a great sorrow I wondered how I could face the day. In my extremity I knelt and said my morning prayers, and on my way to my place of business I made a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament in a church which I was obliged to pass, and there came a answer of peace, such a sense of God's presence that even the shadow grew bright about me. I now stop at the church every morning ere I go to my business, and ask the Sacred Heart to help me. I have often wished that I might have hours instead of minutes. I doubt now if an hour set apart in the midst of the day could do as much for me as those few minutes alone with God. The actual help I get sometimes astonishes me. Not that annoyances and mistakes never arise, but difficulties vanish as I come to them. It is possible to have such a habit of trust that the heart can be steady and serene, even in the midst of distraction.

The surface troubles come and go like ripples on the sea; the deeper depths are out of reach of all of God, but the heart is there.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Mrs. O'Keefe of Kerry has furnished seven sons to the British army in South Africa. Queen Victoria has granted her a pension of £500 a year in recognition of her loyalty to the empire. Noble generosity, indeed!

Archbishop Ireland was given a grand reception in St. Paul last week. The principal speaker was the Episcopal Bishop. The affair was purely civic, and its object was to honor the esteem in which His Grace of St. Paul is held by all ranks, classes and creeds of his Episcopal city.

The German Catholic papers of this city have notified Father Eisenberger that they cannot insert any more of his post-prandial addresses. Father Phelan in the Western Watchman. About 1 o'clock this good man began denouncing Archbishop Ireland. At 2 he turned on the ex-rector of the Catholic University. When thoroughly warmed to his work at 3 he goes for the editor of this paper. It is said that priests make her enjoy the conversation of the cleverest young men. She was charmingly affable, but she was not charmed.

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death is but a falling asleep in His Sacred Heart.

If we would live in a state of perfect peace we must be on the watch against wilful sin. We cannot live in the bright sunlight of our faith if we are careless and unwatchful. If we do not seek to overcome temptation, our souls will be restless, troubled, anxious, burdened and strangers to the peace of God.

### PERE MARQUETTE

(Written for The Intermountain Catholic.)

The proposed plan of erecting a statue on Mackinac island in memory of Father Marquette will call attention more than ever to this beautiful island, and it is fitting that a life like his, which exemplified the beauty of holiness, should be remembered tangibly in such a dreamland of nature.

Pere Marquette needs no monument, built by human hands, to perpetuate his memory. He lived his life here, and death took his earthly presence more than 200 years ago, but his deathless soul yet lives and seems to be felt in the places where he so bravely labored long ago. What we owe to him and to his labors cannot be measured in things but by the clear light of faithless day.

The proposed statue is the outcome of the people's love, which has been gaining in strength all these years, and is a testimony to the larger love that is growing in the hearts of men, regardless of creeds or prejudices.

While others toiled in exploring and found their ambition satisfied in new discoveries, Father Marquette's controlling motive was relief for a soul more to him than the conquest of an empire. He was a Catholic, but he seems to belong to all men, and to the Blessed Virgin was undying. We have all been touched by the account of his last hours given by his two companions. His sufferings were intense, yet even when he felt the tale of his approaching death, his consolation was for them. He heard their confessions and exhorted them to trust God. Then he sent them away to find the needed rest. Two hours later, when the end was near, he called them to him. He took the crucifix from his neck and placed it in their hands, then he knelt and prayed for the souls of the Indians, a missionary and comparative alone. His face grew radiant and, with the words, "Jesus" and "Mary" upon his lips, he entered Paradise.

How many of us today would thank God under like circumstances? Think of it!

It had been his desire to be laid at rest at what was then known as the Mission of St. Ignace, now the city of St. Ignace. Death overtook him before reaching there; but, two years after, a party of Indians, to whom he had ministered, disinterred the body, and, washing the bones, as was their custom, carried them to St. Ignace, where they now repose.

A word in description of Mackinac Island, where so much of his work was done, may not be out of place. It is situated in the straits of Mackinac, which divide the upper peninsula of Michigan from the mainland. It contains many places of interest, among them the old mission house, the old French fort, the old Indian village, the old Indian burial place, the old Indian burial place, the old Indian burial place.

The John Jacob Astor House was originally the headquarters of the American Fur Trading company. The old books used in the business of the company are preserved in a chest in this old house, where the Astors accumulated the collection, at least of their wealth.

The natural beauty of the island is unsurpassed anywhere else in the continent. The rocks, while lacking the height and majesty of the Rockies, are so diversified in shape that no two appear alike. The island is so small that its size is sometimes mentioned in the same breath with the size of the island.

Among its most celebrated natural curiosities are the Skull, the Cave, the Leaning rock, Robinson's folly, Chalmers' rock, Maiden rock, Scott's cave, Devil's kitchen, Fairy arch, Pulpit rock and Giant's stairway. Arch rock, viewed from the shore, is one of its grandest sights.

For years Mackinac, owing to its delightful climate, has been a summer resort for invalids and tourists. The island is not only a beautiful place, but a healthy one. The air is pure, the water is pure, the food is pure, the people are pure, the people are pure, the people are pure.

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